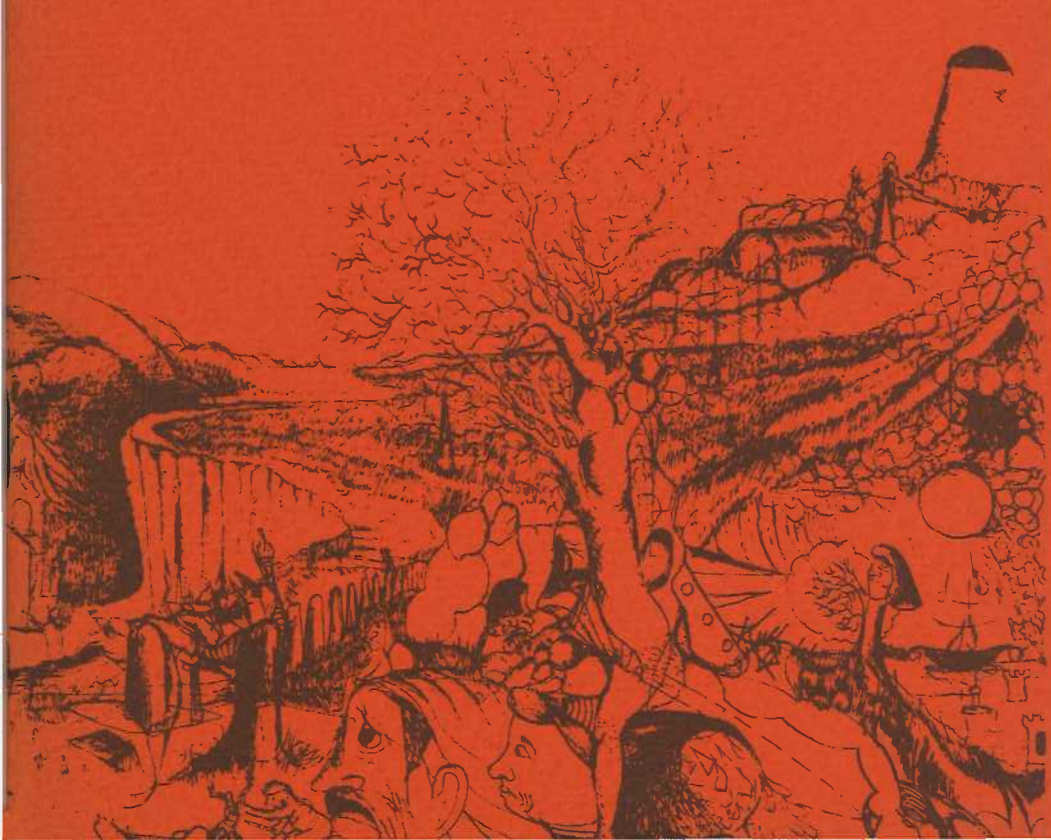


The Curry Arts Journal

1974



The Curry Arts Journal

Volume II, Number One

The purpose of THE CURRY ARTS JOURNAL is to provide an outlet of creative expression for the students, faculty and the alumni of Curry College. Poems, short stories, plays, essays, critiques, drawings, and photographs are welcome. It is to be published hopefully for years to come.

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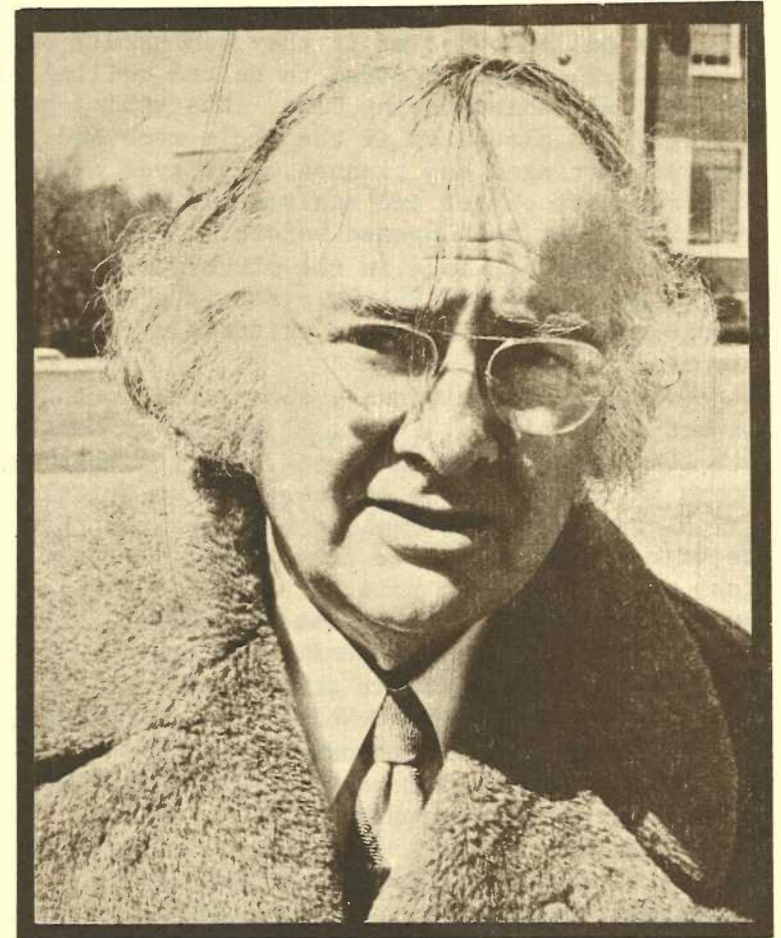
Dr. Batdorf
Faculty Advisor

The editors are grateful to all contributors.

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COVER DRAWING /Richard Dillof/



The editors of the Curry Arts Journal dedicate this issue to Dr. Franklin Batdorf, who has been with the magazine since its beginning. As faculty advisor, Dr. Batdorf has lent time, effort, and necessary advise to the journal and its staff. The Curry Arts Journal is extremely grateful for Dr. Batdorf's participation and enthusiasm. We are very sorry to see him leave the Curry Community.

Thank you, Dr. Batdorf.

The dolls looked as if they had hardly been touched. The room appeared to be the ceiling of the sky; all things being blue. Everything had its very own place, as if the whole room had been pre-arranged and planned. Her eyes caught each separate object and analyzed it as if her eyes had never been opened before.

Catching her face in the mirror, she saw the flashback of her hollow eyes. A placid, almost empty expression was written in the reflection.

Walking to the window, she paused to look at her small plant. Funny, it had never caught her attention before. She sat down and began to watch it breathe. The leaves were too brittle, she closed her eyes, feeling the texture. Her tactile senses seemed to come alive. How foolish, she thought, to notice the green it is the most calming color of the spectrum. It leaned a little towards the light it must not like the darkness either. What is a blade of grass anyway? Seems she and Walt Whitman have something in common beside a last name after all.

"... the sun will rise at 5:27 A.M. High tide today is approximately...."

Jerking backward, she turned too quickly, catching herself off balance. Falling face first on the luxurious, fluffy sea-blue carpet, she was distracted by the softness. She felt the minute fibers all twisted together to make the small, simple strand.

She startled herself as she jumped to turn off the damn radio. The switch was moving so gently that if the room had not been so quiet, she would not have felt it. "Little man with voice so loud, wont you tell me what is a cloud?"

Like a flash it was past the window, before she could catch sight of it. Crossing the room quickly, she threw the shade up, but it was too late. Looking downward, the ground looked far away. She noticed the sun had begun to melt.

Gentle ripples, buried deep
Prod me from a distant sleep.
Memories of my night before
Still linger on the cluttered floor.

Attempting to convince myself,
I spy the toothpaste on the shelf.
And waking to the task ahead
I hesitantly leave my bed.
My first encounter with the floor
Sends me lurching for the door.
Every morning brings the same;
The frigid shower leaves me lame--
The fragrance of a hurried smoke,
A breakfast substituting toke [sic]
The only puzzle left unsolved
is how the mornings have evolved.

Stephen Rice

THE BEAUTIFUL BANDANNA

His name was Hannah
And he wore a bandanna
And smiled at me with lipstick breath
And we talked of weather while
we were together
And I never once thought
about death.
And the wind blew by
And so did I
And the spangled banjo played
a tune
And boys and girls all danced
in a trance
And the monkey threw up at noon.

O the moon shone bright
And the stars were alight
And the sky was a cinnamon yellow
And I had a ball at the
peak of it all
With the help of the lipstick fellow.

Jonathan Hubbard

A DAY AT A TIME

Thick stripes of darkness remained of the night. Some of us woke to those stripes still strung across our rooms. As some of us moved through our rooms those stripes wrapped around us. They followed as we dressed, becoming tighter and tighter with each motion. The tension became so great that the stripes snapped back into their original positions only to be absorbed by the magnetism that exists in the full arrival of morning.

There were four of us that morning who slipped across the ice and slid over the snow on our way to the school cafeteria. We entered breathless from the cold air. We crawled out from inside our winter coverings; our mittens and gloves, hats, scarfs, and coats.

Before leaving our table I looked back to be sure the wool cap I had tossed in my place rested there. It sat patiently and politely next to my gloves which I had first placed on the table. I left my cap.

Our noise was softened by our nearness to sleep. Though the impulses of the wakeful state were present we were not prepared to satisfy them.

Our speech and laughter we presented cautiously, still within the private world made by sleep for receiving, participating in and creating our dreams.

In one world a girl, fork in her right hand, knife in her left, told us, "The back of this chair is cold." She let her fork slide through her hand until the prongs touched the surface of the egg. She spoke to the girl in the world next to her. As their worlds began to dissolve together, their speech neared the place of wakefulness, each word widened, the space filling with sound, each sentence flowed more quickly, providing a steady beat to which, from then on, the speech could proceed.

Here as everywhere, time had restored confidence and poise in communication, enabling it to

continue as the prominent factor it is.

"You heard about Pete, didn't you?"

"He didn't get his furlough."

"Yeah. He explained that there's a few others ahead of him who have to find houses and jobs or something. He'll get one right after them." She gripped her fork and knife so tightly that her knuckles were white.

We thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated what was said, but occasionally one of us contributed a comment that wasn't understood, for its meaning dwelled in an event, situation, idea, or observation belonging exclusively to the past.

The major part of our day was spent in and out of classes; writing, reading, plotting, planning and practicing scholastically-related skills. When it was all over for the day we gathered back at our dormitory to walk together to dinner.

to
With the aid of time we had formulated cooperative protection which we used rather effectively. It was a system developed by meticulously knitting into one tight pattern the best parts of each of our defensive means. These defensive parts were chosen on the basis of their dependability, strength and, most important, their accessibility to all of our needs. Each part had to be ready in the fullest capacity for any of us at any time, and in the same instance, the whole had to provide adequate protection for all of us at once and at any time.

The creation of this knitted product was the result of almost anxious waiting, watching, experimenting and learning all requiring an element of time, though a comparably small element.

This walk together was the primary step towards the institution of this defensive system. We did not, however, begin operating this defense-system until an active situation, like a crowded cafeteria, appeared to us.

It seemed the longer we had known the people places and demands with which we were faced, the more we called upon our cooperative protection.

On our way back from dinner I caught a glimpse of a black leather glove peering out from under the snow. I had seen that glove weeks ago, and since then, had glanced at it everytime I passed it. This time I wondered about it: Who dropped it? When? How often had motor vehicles driven over it? How often and how many people have stepped upon it? Where was its mate? How long did its owner possess it?

That evening we built a snowman in the image of the professor who lived in our dormitory. We all helped roll the snow as big as a body. One girl rolled a head, and then placed it on the top. We then joined in the spreading of the snow around the base of the head in order to anchor it to the body. Some of us made the snowman's beer-belly. Some of us made the arms. Some of us made the legs. Childhoods of snowman making were all evident in the one we built.

We were ready for the finishing touches. A girl brought an empty beer can from her room and another girl twisted it into the snowman's fingerless hand, Someone else chose a long stick, and with a screwing motion, fixed it into the mouth. A couple of others slid through the snow to the edge of the yard to gather leaves. The leaves we attached with tiny clumps of snow to the chin as a beard and to the back of the head as hair.

He was finished and we laughed and stood behind him with our arms around each other as the professor took our picture.

Then the darkness warned of the coming night so we went inside our dormitory. There we laughed and pushed each other off sofas and beds, gasped at frightening television shows and cried during sad

ones. We fought each other with towels and jokes. We teased and embarrassed, forgave and were resilient. All the time the length of our existence rose and fell inside of us, sometimes weighting our movements, sometimes lightening them. With our experience, by the size of our histories, we pulled ourselves and each other once further that day as it came to an end.

So we went to our respective rooms, vibrating with the hours we had spent with each other. We slept, and soon it became another day.

I am someplace else now; some other time. I talk to other people seriously and sincerely. I do not laugh as loud, I am not as frantic. My movements have slowed slightly. I am inclined to sit on wooden chairs in tucked away cafes and talk about The Castle and the Absurd. Occasionally a voice cries somewhere in my soul and I listen.

It is a voice echoing days past. It recites each day so quickly that they lose their distinction. It recites until it comes to the day we built the snowman, then it stops. The voice is replaced by a sound repeated several times. I have never been able to identify it definitely, but for some reason I believe it is the sound of melting snow.

Janet Joel Boring

She was perfect, everyone agreed.
The brain was ideally molded,
She spoke only what she knew;
She knew all others' thoughts.
She reflected their views,
an attitude never questioned.
She was a mirror.
She had no life, the people she knew
Had lived twice within her.
And all agreed, she was the perfect child.
And they loved her for it.

Wendy Davidov

I walked the path panic stricken.
I felt a chill through my body
as the leaves rolled past my feet.
The wind cried.
I almost heard that dreadful scream
from my nightmares,
Lady MacBeth's shrill last voice.
I walked on, catching once in a while
flowers resting on the curb sides.
Stepping onto the green, I broke my pace.
Staring to hold back my tears,
I placed the rose I held in my hands
Where it belonged,
and cried.
Looking up I still couldn't accept the
inscripture his stone held- 1954-1972.
A year gone by and still the same chill
creeps up my back as I walk the path.

The wind let loose her spirit
and suddenly my rose lay
helplessly on the edge of
the curb.

Robin Vigdor

THE RACE

Tom was late. He didn't even have enough time for his usual three-minute egg. If he hurried, he might make the 8:05 bus. Rushing down the street, he noticed how the leaves had all fallen off the trees. He wondered where the summer had gone; it had seemed to just pass him by.

A small shivering crowd was waiting at the bus stop. A woman was complaining about how she had missed a good article in her favorite magazine because she had failed to renew the subscription. "Where is that bus?" someone asked. In answer, the 8:05 rounded the corner at 8:13.

As he got on, he noticed he didn't have any change. Before he even had time to ask, the driver said, "Sorry, Mac, it's against company policy to make change, hold ups and all. Besides, how could I ever keep on schedule if I took the time to change bills for everyone?" He cursed himself. If he hadn't dawdled with that secretary over lunch yesterday, he would have made it to the bank before it closed. The few people on the bus scurried to their seats as if they had been previously assigned.

Deciding it would be faster to take a taxi rather than try to find change among the passengers, he left the bus. He looked at his watch: 8:16. Tom had a digital watch rather than the usual type.

Miraculously, a cab was parked across the street. He might make it on time after all. Once inside he asked the driver to "Step on it." His stomach rumbled. He would have to wait till 10:15 for his coffee break. He cursed again. Somehow he felt that his days were merging together.

His thoughts were jarred by the driver's jamming on the brakes in a hopeless effort to avoid collision with a truck. The last thing Tom saw was the advertising on the side panel of the truck: "Central Cleaners, The Only 3 Hour Cleaners In Town."

The doctor was exhausted. He had been on the night shift, 1 to 9 A. M. When the nurse came in, he looked up and shook his head slowly from side to side. "If only they had gotten him here faster...then he might have had a chance."

Tom broke into consciousness as one disturbs the surface of the water when coming up from below. With his eyes half closed, he murmured, "What time is it...?" and promptly expired.

Robert Bernardi

RUSTY CANS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats o'er sand near seaside lands,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of rusted soft-drink cans;
Beneath the dunes, beside the seas,
Rolling and clanking in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margins of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Rolling about in ghostly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but had
Cans ursting grimly from the sea:
A poet could not but be sad,
In such a morbid company:
I gazed--and gazed--but only thought
What poverty to all they brought:

For oft, when on a beach I'd walk
In vacant or in pensive mood
They'd flash upon my outward eye
Which is the thief of solitude;
And then my heart with sorrow toiled,
And wept for all the beaches spoiled.

Jean M. Bennion

AS I FLOAT

There is music in the rain.

Each drop, a note.

Melody drums relief upon my window pane.

In sighing song I float
through rivers smooth and glowing.

Each ripple hums.

In lakes where sun bears needle teeth like light
sewing gowns for night when she comes.

Slow and steady beats the night
breathes deep as death.

The music of darkness vibrates with glaring
light singing between each breath.

Who will dance with me these nights?
in wetness sway?

Who will swim these waters with me and hear
these sights?
be calmed by the voice of day?

There is agony in rain.

Each drop, a groan.

Malady drums its grief upon my window pane.
I float along alone.

Janet Joal Boring

THE GOOD CITIZEN

shivering people
spread fear wild,
their image - pure

they cannot complain

quivering people
follow prescriptions,
always keep time

they are satisfied

shuttering, stuttering
nothing is wrong
singing a frank sinatra song

their conclusions are perfect

SUZY SADNESS

In a crystal bubble
sailing on the sea
little Suzy Sadness
watched over you and me.
Her eyes were wide and glowing;
Her hands were pure and clean.
Little Suzy Sadness
was hardly ever seen.
She never would be happy;
she always would be sad;
she never even tried to smile,
to laugh, or to be glad.
And in her crystal bubble
just sailing on the sea,
little Suzy did nothing
but cry for you and me.
And then one day it happened:
a handsome swan arrived,
saying, "Suzy Sadness, I love you;
wipe the sorrow from your eyes."
And suddenly the bubble
began to rock and shake,
and all the creatures shouted,
"It's a bubble quake!"
But Suzy was so frightened,
she loved her bubble so,
and didn't even want the handsome swan
to let her know
just how he felt about her
and how it was a crime
that Suzy Sadness
stayed inside her bubble all the time.
The swan was so unhappy
he bowed his head in grief;
so Suzy Sadness wrote a note
upon a tiny leaf.
It sailed right through the bubble
and touched him on the cheek--
the handsome swan raised up his face
to take a little peek.
He lifted up the tiny leaf
and raised it to his eyes,
and when he saw what Suzy wrote
he really was surprised.
He read "Kind swan, I love you,

but you must surely see,
that I am very bad for you,
and you are bad for me.
I really am quite happy
to sail upon the sea--
my bubble keeps the rain and snow
from falling down on me.
"So leave, dear swan, I beg you,
and you will one day find
another swan of beauty
who is brave and wise and kind."
The swan looked up at Suzy
and said between the tears,
"you stay within your bubble
and live within the fears.
Of course it keeps the rain and snow
from falling down on you--
but Suzy can't you see that it
keeps out the sunshine, too?"
from falling down on you--
but keeps out the sunshine, too?"
You will not pop your bubble,
but one thing I will say
is, I will keep on trying
and will succeed one day.
I will destroy your bubble
of sadness, want and fear--
with love and truth and kindness
and the words that you should hear."
And then he looked at Suzy,
and Suzy looked at him--
and both of them were hoping
that the swan would one day win.
But in her crystal bubble,
still still
still sailing on the sea--
little Suzy Sadness is
still watching you and me.
Her eyes are large with sorrow
now that she can see
the things she has been missing
in her bubble on the sea.
But the swan will keep on trying
till one day there will be
an empty bubble sailing
upon the open sea.

Barbara Schuelke

there must be something wrong
when
nothing ever goes right
there must be something wrong
when
every day
brings
the
little shitty things
that
drive you mad
shit

there must be something wrong
when
nothing ever goes right

find me searching for something
on
my two days off
worked so hard this week
fit eighty
in a forty hour week
gonna find me a woman tonight
to satisfy me so good
and all I gotta do
buy her a gift
that I paid for
working
eighty
in a forty hour week

sunday morning
and all that's left
is a bottle
next to my bed
she left her address
on the bedroom mirror
that said
"thanks for the gift, call Maggie Smith"
and
I said
"shit!"

there must be something wrong
when
there's only Maggie Smith
and a bottle
and a bed
and
working
eighty
in a forty hour week

rob lubell

MY SHADE IS UP

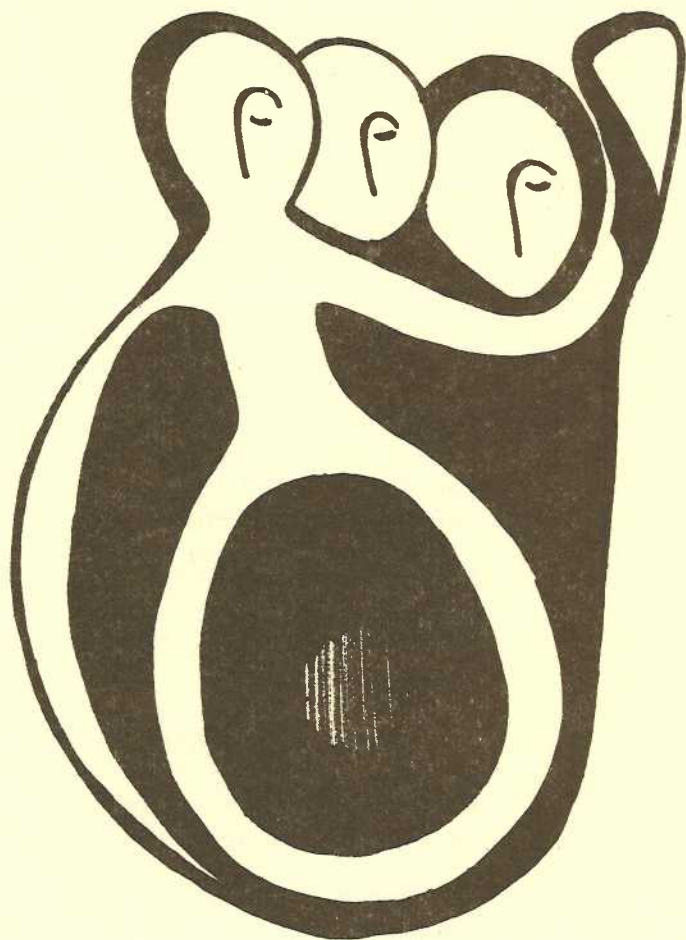
Love drifts through
my open window;
The shade flies up
and leaves me naked.

I cower in a corner
conscious of leery eyes;
My mask discarded, lonely
with no disguise.

The moon of my misery rises,
my Ego's sunlight sets;
Costumes crowd the room,
as my soul is chilled.

Greatness walks away from me,
Humility comes near;
The partition of my Taxi
has faded,
leaving me to pay the fare.

Sir Mark Irwin Snyder



Cynthia Cole

HATEFUL POEM

windy road, it isn't told
about the old buildings sold
to powers beyond.
these men are fond
of what can not be scene,
it justifies the mean.
Hitler was honest at least
when he killed the pretty beast
he hated so.

ivied bricks dont stick it
its really plaster of paris,
a bit too careless
you've been. Not sin
to be rid of any, mabe many,
who are in the way, they'll pay,
won't they, men? who pretend
with shifting eyes, i despise
what you are.

heirarchies are your substance
and on them you feed
till they get what they need.
you stand and demand what you can
on quadrangles and city halls,
in grimy tangles and political brawls:
you will suck from the source
with your smile and eyes that can lie.

Cynthia Cole

Leering, piercing, screaming slices the soul
Blood gushes out rushing upon the floor
The sweet slaughter sounds soon succeed
As life ceases; and a look of glee
Upon the hungry hunters hound-snout.
Eyes scan for a light
Piercing the curtain donned by mother night.
And all is secure; nothing to fear.
His predator is dead, still lies his head.
The old master gone, flesh pierced, skin torn;
And the old uncoiled gun, rusted, still loyal
Shall be used no more,
The old man dead,
Done by one whose turn had come
Switched hate-changed fate
The killer, killed
The hunter, hunted,
The meeker as seeker
Has won.

Wendy Davidov

?

There seems to be a dry spell
settling in upon your soul.

I suppose it's all the days and nights
eliciting their toll.

There seems to be an idleness
dwelling deep within
that cools you to aloofness,
that won't let you begin.

I wonder if we talked it out;
I wonder if we tried.
Perhaps we could find out about
What lived there once, but died?

Stephen Rice

THE GAS-JOCK KILLER FEAR

Working in a gas station isn't a bad job. I was making two dollars an hour part time. It was a "Tri-S" station on Route 14 just north of Geneva, New York. Until seven at night Eddie and Steve were there too. Of course, the early evening was the busiest time. People coming home from work would line up to save a few cents on our cheap gas. Usually there was no trouble. Of course, some of the customers weren't too friendly, but it wasn't hard work. And there was plenty of money to be made, selling people empty cans of oil and cheating them on gasoline. Then about seven, business would slack off and Steve and Eddie would drive off down the road. I would lean against the pump, watch their tail lights disappear in the dusk, and eat the ham sandwich I always had for dinner. There was one night when a girl drove off with my sandwich sitting on her rear fender, but generally, I ate it.

Friday, February third, was a typical night, and that was what I was doing, just munching on my sandwich and breathing the gas vapors rising around me. It was cold out, but not too cold for the season. The sound of rock and roll tinkled faintly in the distance from the portable radio I had in the station. A few more customers pulled in, including some guys heading for the basketball game at the high school.

"hey

"Hey, you! Fill it!"

"Yeah."

"Hey, what's wrong with the pump? You trying to overcharge us?"

"No, sir. That will be four-eighty." They paid me and drove away. I watched their Impala cruise into the void and then went back into the station, sat down, and began to read Welfare Mothers Speak Out. It was required reading for

one of my courses at the college. Pretty dull stuff. I ended up doodling in it and then throwing it across the room in disgust. It landed splat on an oil slick in the corner. But this was a pretty slow night.

Around nine I started to feel the fear I always started to feel it about then, especially on slow nights. It came with the job. The radio blared mindlessly, and the reflection of fluorescent lights flickered coldly on the plate glass windows. Across the highway, glistering like an asphalt canal, sat the Fuller Aluminum Siding Stone, unpleasantly dark in the fluorescent glare. I thought back to when I was working the day-shift in the summer. The day-shift was so much better-no robberies during the day. No robberies at night either, until about ten or so. The robberies were almost always between ten and eleven at night. At eleven all the gas stations closed. Last week a guy at the "Phillips 66" station got knifed in the back. And two months ago, two of the guys I used to work with, Val and Rudy, were shot dead, both during the same week. But that's what came with the job. I didn't like it one bit, but I was used to the fear by now.

No one had pulled in for twenty minutes. I was contemplating the possibilities of getting killed on the job. I'm not sure why it was so much on my mind that night. Perhaps it came from discussing too many war novels in class. Then I saw headlights reflected in the glass. I almost panicked, I was jumpy; but I pulled myself together and walked out to the pumps.

It was just ordinary people! A car full of high-school kids coming back from the basketball game in town. I smiled in relief and talked with them.

"Yeah, we beat the Waterloo Raiders 35 to 26!"

"Hey, that's pretty good!"

"Yeah, wanna beer?"

I took a beer and thanked them. But then a figure approached on foot. It was a young man, about twenty-five with long, greasy hair, dressed in a black leather jacket and jeans-and he slowly pulled out a gun. His hand wavered and his voice was strange and shaky.

"No now y'all don' go no where. I gotcha covered-under my thumb an' your time has come. Shut that engine. Y'all wouldn't want t' leave on me now, wouldja?" We all looked at him in disbelief. Who was this guy? The kid driving shut his engine.

"Hey, hey everybody in the station!" He followed us in, the gun trained at my back. I could tell that it was. "Ooh, yeah--gimme th' money!", he snarled. I reached in my pockets and put a roll of three hundred or so so dirty dollars plus change on the formica desk. "an' turn that radio off. Ah don' need no jive messing up mah cool, slick and silent operation." One of the guys suppressed a laugh. But no one said a word. "N-now y'all gimme all your valuable items." All three guys put their wallets, rings and watches on the desk on top of the gas money. The robber was obviously stoned, nervous as hell, and wild-eyed, grinning. His gun was large and black, extraordinarily huge looking, in fact. "N-now get me a bag, mistah full-of-jive gas jock." I just stared at him, transfixed with fear. "Ah said, get me a bag!" And then, surprisingly, he began to look a look almost as scared as I felt. I went over to the closet and pulled a trash bag off the top. Suddenly recovering his sinister pace, he grinned and slickly sneered, "Okay, now filler up with the high-test, mistah gas jock." I shoved the stuff off the desk and into the bag. He took it from me and then put the gun to my head. "Ah ha ha ha, mistah gas jock, you an' me is walkin' outta here an'

th' rest of you just don' move unless ya'all want gas jock here for dessert!" Everyone just stared at him in total fear. He gave me a shove and we walked out to my car. "Aha, get in an' drive it!"

"Where?"

"Aha, that's a dumb question gas jock. Ah ha ha ha---"

But before I could even consider my situation he started yelling and screaming and then darted away, disappearing over a small hill in back of the station. And he didn't even take the money. I picked up the bag and walked back to the other people who were still in the station/ who were still in the station. I said, "You all con go now. Here's your stuff." They all just stared at me for a minute. They all scrambled to reclaim their possessions.

"Yeah, we'd better go. I thought we were all gonna die!"

"Well, I'd be the one to get it. They always like to knock off attendants. Crazy gas-jock murderers don't have anything against customers. All kinds of people buy gas, but only fools work in gas stations alone at night."

"Yeah, well, good luck, Mister."

"Yeah, have a good night."

Once again I watched tail lights fading into the void. The silence was total. Then I heard a piercing laugh, like that of a hyena, off in the distance. I shuddered violently. I called the police and then started turning out the lights. The cops didn't seem to believe my story, and they didn't show up. Or maybe it was just that the entire force was at Fairchild's Restaurant downtown and too lazy to get up from their coffee. That's usually the case in Geneva at night. I locked up and drove home. I felt better having done this. It always '

made me feel better to be driving home. The next day I quit that job.

The following week I got a job working for the food service at college. I only get a dollar-eighty an hour now, and I don't even stop at gas stations at night. It bothers me that much, thinking about gas-jock killers, whether they are crazed or even sane. And it still makes me feel good, even at home to lock up and turn the lights out. At least I am still able to sleep with the lights out. Maybe when the gas prices go up this summer all these little gas stations that stay open so late with only one attendant on duty will go out of business. Then the gas-jock killers will have to find some other pastime. Maybe they could switch over to hamburger joints and soft ice cream places. Anyhow, someday things will have to change. This world needs all its service station attendants intact.

John Hovorka, Jr.

THE CIRCUS IN THE SKY

come one, come all!
you, me, him and her,
to the super dooper
carousal, arousal of all times.
step right up, people of the Savior.
take a ride on the escalator.
all it takes is a ticket free of sin
for you, me, her and him.

ladies and gentlemen, i tell you,
a freak show this is not!
an enchanting experience of
your soul it is.
for the low low price of a one way trip.

try your luck! test your strength!
climb the ladder of Supreme height.
the prize is at the top,
where the Guardian Angel will open up.

it is your choice; a daring experience!
but take this ride
and you'll be met with lenience.

so...
come one, come all!
you, over there! him and her...

Meryl Friedman

THE WHORE

Once upon a midnight cold, while I pondered thick and old volumes of boring and useless nonsensical lore, as I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone boldly rapping, tapping at my bedroom door. "It's some chick", I muttered, "Rapping at my bedroom door, only that and nothing more."

How distinctly I remember, I was eating green hot peppers, and each tough, tearing skin I flung upon the floor. Eagerly I wished for rain; vainly I tried staying sane. But my curiosity made me open the door, so in strolled a beautiful and most delightful whore, nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, satin, uncertain rustling of each purple sheet, thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic feelings never felt before. So that now--to the fast-paced beating of my heart--I stood repeating,

"It's just another chick rapping at my bedroom door, some late visitor rapping at my bedroom door, only this and nothing more."

Back into the bedroom turning, all the lust within me burning, soon again I heard a tapping--I did not feel too much like rapping--"Surely", said I, "I must lock that damned door; Let me see what is out there; I just love to explore. Then suddenly the wind shut my door; now it's shut forevermore.

My chick now sitting lonely with an openly-exposed bust spoke only words that made me thrust, as if my soul was about to rust; nothing further; then she muttered an obscene word that made me flutter.

She got up to lay her head to rest, and I laid my head upon her breast, and thought of opening the door, when suddenly I began to snore.

She still demanded my soul and all I could do was smile. Stoned, I wheeled the cushioned couch in front of bust and door; then upon the velvet sheeting, her and I turned up the heating, Fancy unto fancy, thinking about this thrilling bird of yore, trying to figure out what she meant when she said, "You rate a four."

Sir Mark Irwin Snyder

MR. BUTT'S ENTHUSIASM;
THE COMMON GAIT

The light rain
does not delay Mr. Butt
(hardly aware of the wetness)
he boards the bus
and rides the route
four times around or more.
Thursdays he drinks
and winks at women,
then stops cold.
"I can't really see
the point in playing
games - got other things to do."

Nobody laughs at Mr. Butt:
his clothes are fine.
Nobody questions his manliness:
his hair's still brown and full.

Mr. Butt waits;
a bus - the last - he boards.
Two others board:
 "Well, I don't care."
 "No, it's up to you."

Strolling two blocks from the bus to an alley
between a red brick tenement
and a grey cement appliance warehouse,
Mr. Butt ignores the rain.

He steps inside
Achilles' pastry shop,
for coffee always regular.
The next door building
went down last week-
renewal, like a bomb,
It's still two early
to head for home.
"I'll have another coffee please."

Mr. Butt plays,
at times he wins,
Friday morning Mr. Butt
at the pastry shop:
"The woman
I slept with last night
said....."

Michael Mogel

1-94

Wide fields of long plains stretching to the
mountains, then the sky,
back again to another wall and both so far
away.

The widest, farthest sky I've ever seen.
Mountains to meet the mornings, miles and miles
apart.

I'm on the road, waiting for a lift, any old ride
Way past midnight, close to dawn. A few cars,
a few trucks, every few hours.
Looking over my shoulder, I'm alone but like to
feel

I'm being followed. So very wide and far away.
In North Dakota, in the fall, with room to move,
waiting to go.

By myself and misplaced but I'm not lost.
A wanderer on my way but it seems these cowboys
don't like travelers.

Glad I'm in no hurry, nowhere special to be.
Hauled a grain load through to Chendive, over
the divide and Donner Pass.

Kick shifts to gear down, on the ice, up long,
steep grades.

Then to coast and heave, rolling heavy, down in
to the plains.

Out of the cab, onto my thumb and I've been sit-
ting there for hours.

Twenty dollars richer, dreaming and waiting on
the Interstate, Ninety-four,

dreaming, for a sweet cow queen to give me
a ride,

Maybe a meal and a place to stay a night or two.

Dreaming, and grinning at myself,

I'll settle for another truck and dirty
driver, luggin' stinking sheep
to Chicago pen and axe yards, to be out of
these plains, away from the mountains,
and that huge orion grinning down on me.

Going East Coast, say New England, where the
sky is closer.

Feeling warm and lived on, out here and
standing, waiting lean and tired
in the cold and winter wheat.

Living where I am but thinking somewhere else,
(No real reasons)

To be away, away and going,
away and gone,
(I will be.)

Chris Neil

This poem is a parody on "Gone,"
by Carl Sandburg.

GONE

Everybody laughed at Chuck Lontimer in our
town.

Way out

Everybody chided him.

So we all laugh at a crazy kid holding on
to his dreams of stardom.

Nobody cares now where Chuck Lontimer went.

Nobody cares why he packed his bag... his
movie magazines...

And is gone,

Gone with his idiot grin

Smiling ahead of him

And his hopeful gray eyes staring

From behind thick glasses.

Joker, loser, a Charlie Chaplain replica.

Were there ten scouts on a hundred dodging Chuck?

Were there five scouts on fifty with rebuking hearts?

Everybody laughed at chuck Lontimer.

Nobody Cares where he's gone.

Meryl Friedman

ATLANTIC ISLAND

fire morning
smoked up a hazy afternoon
and burned out the energy
that brought me down this road.

incessant ocean
encouraged my exhaustion
to surrender its emptiness
to ocean power and absorb new strength.

evening came
illuminous sun
and frothy ocean swallowed me up.

Cynthia Cole

Remembering
 an old lover
is like looking through
a kaleidoscope
many pretty sights
but no perspective reality.

Sharon Kaye

THE LAST HOUR

I can hear water dripping. I start to count; there seems to be a pattern to it. One, two, and then one, two, three in rapid succession. This is a crazy way to spend your last hour, counting drips and drops. I should be having great thoughts of what my life has meant. Not many people know the exact minute they are going to die. But I think my life has meant as much as those drops I can hear but not see.

I'm not scared of dying; I'm much more scared of living in this place. I'm glad I sent that priest away; he gave me the creeps--all that black. I'm just so tired of waiting. I've spent my whole life waiting. If there is a hill, I'll probably spend it waiting to get in.

There just might be a final judgment. That guy I killed could be waiting for me. It was his fault; he shouldn't have spooked me the way he did. All I wanted was his wallet; if he hadn't tried to be such a hero, I wouldn't have got so scared. All I needed was a few more bucks to pay off...What's the difference? It's over or it's almost over. I wish that damn water would stop dripping. It reminds me of my old home.. In there something was always dripping. I wonder what Ma would say if she knew her youngest son was a killer? I don't think she would be surprised. Maybe she'll be waiting for me too. Consideri

Maybe she'll be waiting for me too. Considering all the people she ripped off, she's probably the head of hell.

It shouldn't be too much longer now. I wonder if anyone will miss me? Judy, maybe? No, she went off and got married to that gas station jerk. I don't think they'll even put my name in the paper. That water is driving me buggy. I wish there was someone to talk to. I wonder how it will feel. I hear you don't feel nothing.

I hear footsteps. I hope this is it. Anything is worth getting out of this place. I've always hated being cornered and shut in. The water is dripping in time with the footsteps. The men come and start to walk by me.

"Hey!" I yell, "when are you going to kill me?"

"Kill you?" The man laughed a horrible laugh. "Mr. Rogers, you were executed three weeks ago"

weeks ago!"

They walked on, and as the footsteps faded I realized where I was. And the water kept dripping, one, two, one, two, three...

